The Washington Times

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (INCLUDING SUNDAYS) BY THE WASHINGTON TIMES COMPANY, THE MUNSEY BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVE.

R. H. Titherington, Secretary. Fred A. Walker, Treasurer and General Manager.

ONE YEAR (INC. SUNDAY) 88.50 | SIX MONTES, \$1.75 | THREE MONTHS, \$60 intered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second class mall matt SATURDAY, DECEMBER 91, 1912.

WASHINGTON IN THE ABBEY.

It will be another triumph for the peace movement—Tennyson's brotherhood of man and federation of the world—when the British erect a monument to George Washington in Westminster Abbey or Westminster Hall. Any site in London will serve the purpose well, but Westminster Abbey, the famous British Valhalia, would be the best place of all. A memorial honoring the career of the American who for the celebration to be held in 1914 to mark the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of peace between the United States and Great Britain.

With the approval of the British government, as assured by Sir Edwin Grey, the present secretary of foreign affairs, the handsome proposal is practically certain of being realized.

NINE YEARS OF FLYING.

Nine years ago this week the Wrights made history at Kitty Hawk on the North Carolina coast, by demonstrating that man could fly. The spoch-opening event was quietly celebrated on Wednesday at Dayton Ohio, a city famous for the invention of the cash register as well as for the seroplane. It was a lumbering machine that the Wrights took with them to this out-of-the-way spot in the South, where some day a fitting monument will probably arise to mark man's final conquest of the elements. Orville Wright, speaking of the conquest, told at Dayor this week how there were four flights in all on this red-letter September day, beginning with one of 12 seconds' duration and ending with one that lasted 59 seconds and carried one of the brothers half a mile through the air-which one he would not say. It has been semi-officially stated that the very first flight was made by Wilbur.

Today the duration record is 14 hours 7 minutes and a flight of 776.86 miles without a stop. Garros has flown upward over 19,000 feet, nearly four miles above the clouds; and this week he has made a-new over-sea record by flying 180 miles across the Mediterranean. The American continent has been crossed from New York to Pasadena and several flights have been made from Paris to London and return.

MR. MORGAN, AMERICAN.

History closed one chapter and opened another in our American story when John Pierpont Morgan appeared before the House Committee to talk about money this week. There was a quality of drama in the episode; it was free from climax, but none the less vivid for that freedom. Somehow it was a thing that could have happened only in America, and Mr. Morgan emerges from it as even a larger figure than he was before.

By the tally of the years he is an old man; by the proof he has just given he is still the master of his thoughts, and his thoughts encompass many things. He has lived a large and a mighty life; he has seen from the inside the making of great history; he has grown as his country has grown, and the spread of his name and his power have This that I write's the solemn truth: kept pace with the march of ours.

He was born in the days of considerable men; he reached his manhood when the industrial revolution that was to change the face of the world came of age. He and Carlyle were, in a way, contemporaries, and in him as he is to day Carlyle would have seen one of his strong, endurable men.

those days when Morgan was serving his apprenticeship to power, and Emerson and Poe and Whitman were all climbing to fame in since he became a banker in his own right this Nation has increased by more than sixty million souls.

He has done some almost supreme things for art. His gifts to charity have been of the splendid kind. He has built racing yachts and endowed polite learning. There have been times when his word was a rule of law to three continents. The terms of wealth in which he thinks are beyond the grasp of common minds. And-when he had finished his evidence in Washington this week he shook hands with the committee, and the immediate clerks and a fraternal democratic usher.

There were less than four hundred thousand people in New York city when Mr. Morgan was born. The railroad cars to finish their journey were hauled up to Twenty-sixth street and Fourth avenue by horses. Today under his eyes, and in no small part under his hands, New York stands shoulder high with the greatest city in the world.

He entered into life when this Republic was a simple place; he is of it now when it is an Empire with overseas possessions and alien people to guard and the men of the Old World looking to it still as a land of promise. When he was a boy the Monroe doctrine was a piece of collossal impudence; to day it is the greatest political combination in restraint of Kings that ever democracy devised. His schemes have been ambitious beyond the dreams of wealth,

too big at times to please a people resentful of entrenched authority But our schemes have been big, too, in the terms-of nation making and, as a Democracy, we have achieved where no Emperor, flanked by armies, would have thought of conquering.

So, and in such wise, it is that Morgan emerges from this ordeal of public inquisition, a forthright and masterful man, the captain of inconceivable fortunes, who throws back his head to laugh at his own sallies, and shakes hands at parting like any other American with the immediate clerks and a fraternal democratic usher.

In the Mail Bag &

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I see by The Times and other local
papers that the spirit of the press is still in favor of the plan to pension the officials of long service in Uncle Sam's workshop. When the employes of any government become superannuated by and know no other trade, it is only a matter of simple justice for the government they have served to provide for them when, by the infirmities of old age, made more acute by long confinement at the desk, they are forced retire from active work. Other cour to retire from active work. Other countries provide for their superannuated servants. Big and little corporations do likewise. Why not the United States follow the example of smaller concerns? But while we are planning for a civil service pension list in which rank is a factor. Congress should not forget lits off-repeated promise to create in the War Department a cettired list for the volunteer officers of the civil war, and enact into law at an early date senate bill 1006, introduced by Senator Townsend of Michigan. The provisions in the Townsend bill is all we ask. If

A Pica For Pensions and For the Passage of the Tewnsend Bill.

The Editor of This Times:

any change or amendment to the bill is made it should only be to widen its scope to include the volunteer officers of all wars, past and future, by a fixed Captain Co. C. Ninth Mich. Cavalry.

Light-More Light at the End of time on Thirteenth, street-"TAKOMA Night-The Present Plan De- PARK PROPERTY." clared Not Right.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Do you know Why the City of Washington must sit, or grope, in darkness for fully half an hour each morning during these bleak December weeks, betore "jocund day" succeeds the winked-out electric light?

This fair city is well lighted, as cities fare nowadays, and the light is well paid for, we are assured. But what is the light for, if not here when most needed? What sort of a contract has the "benevolent despotiam" of our city made with the Utilities Company that it fails to furnish complete service? Why is the city plunged into most aggravating gloom from 5:30 to 7 a. m. each morning as has now been the fact for a month?

JAMES HUGH KEELEY.

A BIT OF A BOASTFUL BALLADE.

Here are some facts, I beg you In me there is no spark divine:

I use doggone it and gol durn; worship at no classic shrine.

I'd swipe a washing off the line: I've lost my pride, my self-re-

spect; There's only one thing I docline: NEVER WRITE IN DIA LECT.

The weighty things of life I nondescript existence

mine; I'm brutish, grouchy, taciturn; Occasionally, when I dine, order up a glass of wine. But though I run amuck, unchecked,

Wretch that I am, I still NEVER WRITE IN DIA-LECT.

If, then, with blissful unconcern,

crack a joke that isn't

mine. Or all around a sentence turn: If my meTER be not so fine; If my remarks seem asinine: REBEL at it-I'll not object. Remember, though, when I

resign, NEVER WRITE IN DIA-LECT.

L'ENVOI.

So label me a skate, a shine-And ten to one you'll be correct: But here is where I draw the

I NEVER WRITE IN DIA-LECT.

IN ADDITION TO WHICH. Though but an evanescent youth, A fresh and a callow young stripling I never have parodied Kipling.

worthy cause along, we herewith call the St. Nicholas Girl, which see. Everybody should do something. Give

> CHEER UP. By Our Own Clarence L. Cullen.

Whenever we hear of a Gink who's Afraid to Butt In, we know Somebody is Stated for the Ash Pile!

Get in the Swim! If you get Soaked, Soak 'em Back! The Gasimb who says "Never

other in a Minute," is probably still waiting for the Next One. Nobody ever Got There by Letting Well Enough Alone! A Grudge is Excess Baggage!

Our bright, particular objection to the turning of one's collars by the laundries is that it necessitates a complete reversal of the method of buttoning the ollars. And unless one be an adept at the gentle art of turning one's self in side out-why, it can't be done, that's

WHY THEATRICAL MANAGERS DON'T GO TO HEAVEN.

All star cast. Company of 100.

One year in New York. Curtain at 8:15 sharp. Extra added attraction.

Direct from New York and Chicago. "Yes, these seats are exactly in the enter."

Attaches of the house are not permit ted to accept fees. Did you know that J. Makover & Co.,

are tailors on Fourteenth street north Black Hand note (with apologies to

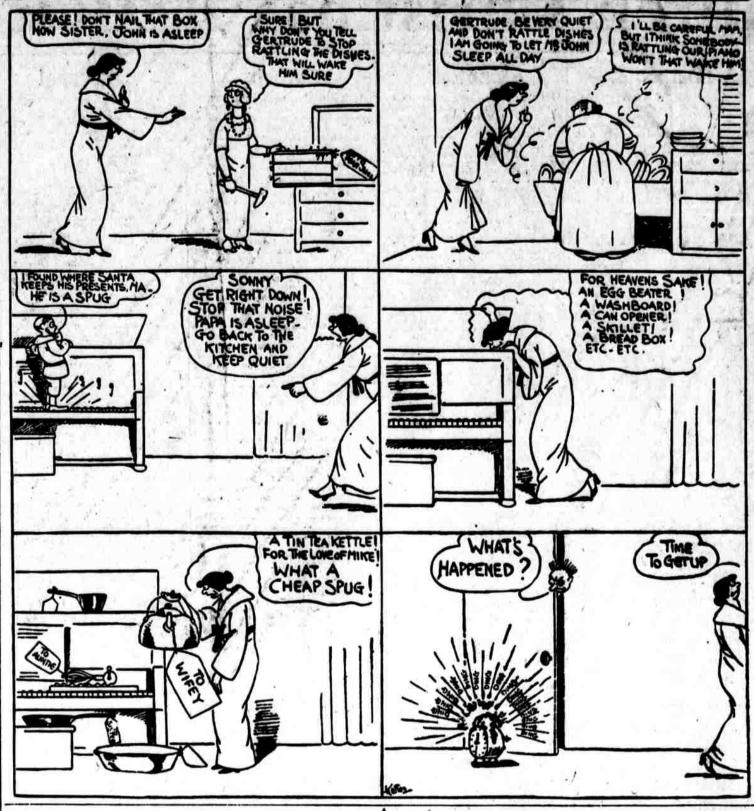
Marshall P. Wilder): Our fountain pen requires filling again. Another of those arbitrary signs-this

Declares an advertisement: "Women will hall with delight a gift of handpainted chins, and will exclaim 'Just what I wanted!" " They will, undoubtedly. And ditto for a present of lace curtains, a pet rhinoceros or the Mississippi river. "Just what I wanted" covers a multitude of gifts.

Which leads up to a merry crack Picture a china salesman extelling the merits of his goods, with no great regard for the facts. Do you get us?

Bull in a china shop,

THE DAY OF REST! By MAURICE KETTEN



Memories of Players of Other Days

By Robert Grau.

MOMAS W. KEENE'S career was modeled closely on the lines maintained by Forrest and McCullough. Keene's real name was of Cole, was the ostensible manager. Thomas R. Eagleston. Though starting as a supernumerary at Niblo's Garden in 1856, he became one of the six great tragedians of the last half of the nineteenth century. He was also the very last of the Forrest school, leaving no successor.

As a lad I was wont to go to Wood's

Museum (where Daly's Theater now stands) at least once a week. Here Keene played for several years in that remarkable stock company which inluded Louis Aldrich Henry Lee, Olly Byron, and Dominick Murray.

Two performances were given dailyand very often a different play was presented not only every night, but at the matinees as well. How reheursals were acomplished may only be conlectured. And yet it was in this organization that Keene gained his greatest experience.

In the five years he played at Wood's. Keene assumed over one hundred different roles each season! Fancy what a range, what versatility! Fancy a player appearing as Jack Cade one night and as Pantaloon in pantomine the next, or supporting Lydia Thompson in "Ixion," "Forty Thieves," and "Blue Macbeth, Othello, and Richard III.

Yet this merely indicates the wide range of Keene's work for fifty-two weeks in the year. In such an environ-ment a dozen of the stars of the stage of that day had their careers moided

of that day had their careers molecus lowly but surely into shape.
Lydia Thompson advised Keene to go to London: also alding the actor with her influence. In 1871-2 Keene played in various melodramas in the English provinces, with moderate success. In his supporting company was the late Sir Henry Irving, who afterward became the leader of the English stage.
Keene's real career began in 1875 when the followed John McCullough in the

For many years as an actor-manager he proved himself a worthy successor of vith incentive and of whom Keene once

said:

"If they only will say of me, 'He is nearly as good as McCullough,' I shall feel I have not labored in vain."

"It they only will say of me, 'He is nearly as good as McCullough,' I shall feel I have not labored in vain."

Shut Kanna with this. Go on!

(She begins the process of elimination. They are shuffled here and kicked there so the shoppers. Finally they are talk in the same talk in early as good as according to stand shoppers. Finally they are told to stop But Keene was destined to stand blocking the passage by the carriage alone. The last twenty years of his ac-tivity are replete with achievement. His first genuine "hit" was in 1878-9 in Bos-you that on as Coupeau in "L'Assommoir," but Keene would not modify his conception of the role and to this ultimatum is perhaps due the fact that he did not become henceforth a one-part actor. secome henceforth a one-part actor.

As it happened this remarkable por-

trayal of the sot attracted vast attentrayal of the sol attracted vest attended mrs. w. (warnings)—four better lot tion from managerial sources. W. W. me buy this petticoat, James, because Cole was one of the millionaire circus; the saleslady up here is apt to be very Keene the coming tragedian. Colo's I've had experience with her. idea, however, was that Keene should submit himself to be managed in true treus style. Said Cole: "If you do not make more money than footsteps twice!
any of the other tragedians in any one Mr. W. (approaching the counter)—

've had experience with her.

Mr. W. (buttoning his coat, pompousy)—Just leave it to me—l'il pull her up so sharp that she'll walk in the same

manner than you.

PETTICOATS, ETC.

RS. W. (grabbing her husba

I want to be sure I've got my (Rummages in her handbag). Yes, got it all right. Now, where shall

we begin? I suppose we ought to begin with Cousin Melinda's, because she lives in Teres, and we'll have to send

hers first. Don't you think so? Mr. W. (indistinctly)-H'm! What're

you going to send her?
Mrs. W. (mediatively)—Well. I have-

n't decided whether I'd send her a flannelette kimono or a black Henriet-

Mr. W.-Well, what're you going to get Esra? You've got to send his with

hers, you know.
Mrs. W. (eagerly)-Either s knitted

chest protector or a pair of artics, or a tie clasp. They're all acceptable presents for people living in Texas.

Mr. W. (blankly)—Say, haven't you

DECIDED on any one's on ONE thing, I mean? Time's money to me, you

Mrs. W. I tell you what we'll do. I'll

shut my eyes and jab the pencil down on this list of things, and whatever word it falls on we'll get that thing for

the person. You see, that's leaving it

to Fate-and it takes the responsibility

Mr. W. (impatiently)-That's a darned

fool way of doin'. But anything to get through with this. Go on!

Mr. W. (angrily)-See? Didn't I tell

you that was a darned fool way of do-ing? Having that stuffed, red plush

simp call me down. Now, no fancy business, see? Just straight buying.

Mrs. W. (warningly)-You'd better let

arm as they are about to en-

ter)-Just walt a minute, Jim.

Scene: A Crowded Store.

list. (Ru

THRICE TOLD TALES By ALMA WOODWARD.

HIS RAISE.

What She Said To Her Hus-band:

Dou'd go right

What She Said To Her Hus-band:

Shined twice a week, you think you're on Easy street and you don't even dream of anything higher.

Here you've held down this job for

aigned. William R. Hayden, a relative of Cole, was the ostensible manager. Theatrical people were horrified to see lithographs, scores of different kinds and in every color of the rainbow, representing Keefie in various Blakesperian roles. The campaign of advertising has never been equaled.

Bitarting in 1850 Keene had fifteen years of prosperity. He became a rich man. He died in 1898. haven't got the gumption to pass a Canadian dime! Your ideas are about as big as a hazel nut. As long as you can pay the rent, smoke three-for-a-quarter cigars, and get your shoes

Show me your line of merino petticoats

Mrs. W. (prompting)—This is retail not wholesale, James. They don't show

in merino petticoats.

rah?

petticoats CAN'T be ravishing.

Mr. W. (sternly)-Don't you supp

there's no harm in looking, madam, is

will be buying for a young woman— (hastily)—for YOU, madam. What then? Mr. W. (for HER cars only)—SOME

Mr. W. (for HER ears only)—SOME diplomat, kid!
(Mr. W. is taken in tow and piloted to a corner where he is lost to view.)
Mrs. W. (indignantly, trailing him)—What's the matter with you, James? I'm the one to buy this. You don't know anything about petitiocats.
Mr. W. (indignantly) — Don't, eh? Wasn't I a chum of Jack Dubs, who covered the Middle West for the Swish Skirt Company for eight years?
Saleslady (enthusiastically) — Why, yes, I thought from the manner in which he spoke that your husband was in the husiness himself, madam.
Mrs. W. (grimly)—Really? Well, he ain't! And it'll take me about two minutes to pick out that skirt. (Suddenly.) Oh, on second thought, I remember that Cousin, Melinda expressed a wish for a black Henrietta cioth dress length. I'll give her that instead. Come along, Jimes, it's on the first floor.
Mr. W. (as they descend)—Say Sarah.

oor. W. (as they descend)—Say Sarah.

what made you remember that wish of Cousin Melinda's so suddenly? Mrs. W. (innocently)—Suddenly? Why, was it sudden?

there? Maybe some day your husband

Here you've held down this job for seven years and you're getting just \$6 a week more'n when you first went haven't got the gumption to pass inadian dime! Your ideas are about in an old man's home where your pay the rent, smoke three-for-arter cigars, and get your shoes

ialogues

ialogues

image: You've held down this job for seven years and you're getting just \$6 a week more'n when you first went there. Haven't you get any backione? Do you want to spend your last days in an old man's home where your friends'il bring you a beg of oranges and some chewing tebacco when they come to visit you?

Take a drink if you strike for a raise? Take a drink if you strike for a raise? Take a drink if you meed it, to massage your courage, and so up and STRIKE. Wearn all the legatees not to give me think you are. My goodness! Nobody gets anything 'cept on bluff nowadays. And you—why, say—you'd drop three aces without a nurmur before a pair of deuces at the first raise with an ama. **Domestic Dialogues**

aces without a murmur before a pair of deuces at the first raise with an amateur holding the hand at that!
You GOTTA get a raise, that's all there is to it. My furs are dying a slow death of the mange and I gotta get a new set. Don't sit at your desk chewing the corners off of pada, wondering whether the boss is in a good humor. Just go up, bold, and STRIKE!

toward him)—I beg your pardon, did you ask me to give you a line on some-thing, sir? What the Boss Said to Him:

Mr. W. (rattled)-Samples of your A RAISE? You? Great guns, man, don't you knew you ought to get down on your knees every night and thank your lucky stars that you're not fired every Saturday of our life? You notice I don't RAISE? You? Great guns tock, you know, Everything you've got Salesiady (dreamily)-If you'll just be seated I'll show you some really ravishing things.

Mrs. W. (begginning to sour)—Merin say "On Saturday," I say "EVERY Sat-

I was thinking the other day of cut this young lady knows her stock, Sa-Mrs. W. (coldly)-We're buying this thing for a woman sixty-five years old! She don't want anything RAV-ISHING—she's got rheumatism! Saleslady (interrupting, suavely)—But

I was thinking the other day of cutting down the staff—expenses are getting preity heavy—and I was wondering who'd be the first I'd let go. And do you know, without even thinking. I picked you as the favorite, head and shoulders above every other candidate to be canned!

You see, if you hadn't brought this on yourself, most likely I'd have let you go on dreaming; but now that you actually demand the information. I want to tell you that if I never do another charitable act my whole life through I deserve one of those eighteen karat crowns Hereafter for having tolerated a boob like you for seven years.

Be giad that you're alive and put an extra quarter in the plate next Sunday, just as a peace offering!

fabrics are all men.,

Mr. W. (on, in a second)—Say, Sarah,
wouldn't it be a joke if Cousin Melinda
returned the dress goods with a request for a merino petticoat, and you
happened to be in bed with the grippe happened to be in bed with the grippe at the time.

Mrs. W. (viciously planting herself on a revolving stool)—I'd come down here to get that skirt myself if I had pneumonia in both lungs and typhoid fever besides, I weuid! HISTORIC HYMNS "Just For Today"

By Frederic Reddall.

When there have been recorded several instances of poems of merit having been paused by convicts while in jail. Lately, the authorship of that beautiful lyric "Just for Teday," was claimed by William Ruckle, serving time in the Kingston. Canada, penitentiary, although the verses were written years sige while the man was preaching in England. Here is the story as outlined by Huckle in a letter to the archbishop of Ottawa; "In July, 1878, I was addressing an open air meeting in Hyde Park, England, my subject being 'Infidelity Versus Christianity.' During my remark I referred to the love of God as arcemptified in the prevision He had made for man's sustenance. An infidel is the audience interrupted me, asking why we prayed to God for daily bread. "Why not ask for a year's supply? In reply I told a story of a little girl, who upon boing asked the same question, replied: 'Because we do not want stale bread—we want fresh bread each day.'

"Upon reaching home and thinking about the incident, I composed a leaflet entitled 'Just for Today,' which I recited the following Eunday at an open air meeting in Hyde Park. A gentleman, an Australian, who was present, asked me after the meeting if I would have the verses printed, offering to have \$9,000 printed if I would agree. A printer named Frank Crawley printed them and my name was attached. It has also been published in several religious papers, I understand."

Here is the hymn as it appears in the Book of Common Praise: By Frederic Reddall.

Here is the hymn as it appears in the

"Lord, for tomorrow and its needs, I do not pray. Keep me, my God, from stain of sin. Just for today.

"Let me both diligently work And duly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for today. "Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to obey; Help me to accrifice myself, Just for today.

"Let me no wrong or idle word Unthinking say; Set thou a seal upon my lips, Just for today.

"Let me in season, Lord, be grave In season gay: Let me be faithful to thy grace, Just for today.

"Lord, for tomorrow and its needs, I do not pray; But keep me, guide me, love m

Thoughtful Uncle!



Washington Today

Meeting of Canton Washington, I. O. O. F., No. I, social, tonight.
Meeting of Joseph Henry Council, No. 307, N. U., 601 E street northwest, election of officers, tonight.
Debate between the Needham and Columbian societies of the George Washington University, law school auditorium, 8:15 p. m.

Amusements.

National-"The Pink Lady," 2:15 and \$415 p. m. Columbia "Blackbirds," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. Belasco-"The Drone," 2:15 and 8:15 Chase's-Polite vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. Poli's-Vaudeville, afternoon and evening. Academy—"The White Squaw," 2:15 and

Academy— Inc. White.

\$:15 p. m.
Cosmos—Vaudeville.
Casino—Vaudeville,
Lyceum—"Girls from Joyland," 2:15
and 8:15 p. m.
Gavety—"Cracker Jacks," 2:15 and 8:15

Indiana Voters Here Want New Election Rule

A resolution addressed to the general assembly of Indiana asking that men from that State living in Washington be What He Told His Wife:

Yes, I did just as you said I should, my dear. No, I DIDN'T get it. But, taking it all in all, the whole interview was very satisfactory. Although he wasn't profuse in his commendation, he gave me to understand, in a very subtile way, that my services were practically indispensable to the firm.

Of course, men are never demonstrative. A few cordial words from the head of the house means more than all the hysterical ravings that women are apt to indulge in. And he said those few words.

He intimated that times were hard and profits were small, and that the rest of the staff is practically dead timber. And, in between the lines of his intimation, I read that, if ever it became possible, I'd be the first to have an increase.

Oh, of course I could have stormed.

And, in between the lines of his intimation, I read that, if ever it became possible. I'd be the first to have an increase.

Oh, of course I could have stormed about and said rude things and threatened to resign if I didn't get it. And I daresay that he d have consented to almost anything rather than let me gobut I hat to play a mean trick on a man who's been really considerate.

So I'll sive him a little time to think it over-to get his breath, as it were. Then I'll go and hammer him again!

What She Thought:

127 Ill 227